AN ANSWER TO A Scurrilous Pamphlet,

LATELY PRINTED,

Intituled, A Letter from Monsieur *de Cros*, to the Lord——

Il n' point de plus courte vie que celle d'un mauvais livre. Mr. Vaugelas.

LONDON,

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An Answer to a late scurrillous Pamphlet, Intituled, *A Letter from Monsieur* de Cros, *&c.*

THE Author of the *Memoirs* had so little to apprehend in his Reputation either at home or abroad from the feeble Efforts of *Monsieur de Cros* in his late trifling *Invective*, that had it not been for the repeated Instances of some Friends, who were unwilling to have such a wretched Scribler escape unpunished, he had never condescended to the severe penance of sitting an hour upon him. To their Importunities, and not to his own Inclinations is the Reader obliged for the following *Remarks*, which as they serve to justifie those particular passages in the *Memoirs* that are so outrageously exclaimed against by Mr. *de Cros*, so they discover, *en passant*, several Intrigues hitherto not so well known or understood.

Though we may safely allow it to be some sort of Mortificatioa for any one to see himself lie under the lash of a Man of Wit; yet certainly 'tis infinitely more supportable than

to be assaulted by a Malice altogether made up of Phlegm and Dulness. *Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis*, was said by way of Consolation to young *Lausus* as he fell by the hands of that celebrated Heroe. When we lie under an unavoidable necessity of being encountered in Publick, 'tis some Comfort to be engaged with Bravery and Honour: In such a Case there is Reputation to be got if we come off with Victory; but to be forced to enter the Lists with a feeble, inglorious and despicable Adversary, is somewhat afflicting; there can be no Skill, no Dexterity shown in putting by his Thrusts, and there is no Reputation acquired by gaining the Conquest.

Certainly there never appeared in the World a Paper so little performing what it seems to promise in the Title page, so mean and undesigning, and in short so below the mighty Character of its Author who so often takes care to instruct us that *a great Prince and a King did not disdain to employ him as a Counsellor of State*, as this rambling, incoherent unthinking Letter. But perhaps it may be alledged by some of its Favourers, that the sincerity of what it pretends to relate, may atone for all its other palpable defects, since to use his own magnificent Expression our Deserter of a *Monk* is pleased to assure us, *p.* 9. that *the only Heroe of his Piece shall be Truth*: And indeed the Matter wou'd be somewhat mended if the Case were so; but for certain Considerations best known to himself our Letter-Writer has been so complaisant to his Heroe, as not to give him any trouble at all.

all. However this pleasant passage puts me in mind of a certain person of the Long Robe who a little after the Restauration, when writing of Plays was more in fashion than it is at present, must needs threaten the Stage with a Play; and as a Hero is a very necessary Ingredient in all or at least most Compositions of that Nature, he designed to furnish himself with a Hero that should work Miracles, defeat Armies, charm the Ladies, and make as considerable a Figure as any Hero that had visited the World for many Ages. After he had amused himself some Months with this painful Undertaking, a Friend of his happens to interrogate him upon this Article, and asks him what Progress he had made in his Play, and how his Hero fared. To which the poor Gentleman replied, that a certain Misfortune had befallen him which had put a stop to the Affair. In short, after a tedious Enquiry, he informs him that he had unluckily killed his Hero in the first Act, and so cou'd not for the heart of him tell how to advance any farther. This was fairly and civilly done in our Gentleman. He had cut out so much Work for his Hero in the first Act, that he had left him nothing to do in any of the rest; and therefore was obliged to dispatch him in his own defence; but Monsieur *de Cros* never so much as introduces his Hero in one single Paragraph of his Letter: He threatens indeed to bring him in Play one time or another, but for all that keeps him still as invisible as a Fairy Treasure, and his Hero has no more to do throughout the whole piece, than one of the *Mutæ Personæ* in the ancient *Drama*. Mon-

Monsieur *de Cros* is pleased to address his Letter to a certain Noble Lord in *Nubibus*; for he no where takes occasion to name him, and this was certainly done with no other Prospect than only to recommend his Trifle the better to his Readers. He owns, *p.* 3. that *Sir* W. T. *is a Man of some Merit, and that he has been employed a long time upon very important Affairs*, but then with his usual Confidence affirms that *he knew very little of the Secrets of the late King of* England's *Designs.* Sir *W. T.* no where pretends in his Memoirs that he knew the bottom of all the Court-Intrigues, that were managed with so much Artifice by the prevailing Ministry of those times; nay he congratulates his good Fortune that he was never made acquainted with them; and though from several remarkable Circumstances he has all the Reason imaginable to suspect that some things were not so fairly meant as was openly pretended, yet he knows no Reason why they should not trust him in any Occasions wherein the Honour of his Master or the true Interest of the Kingdom were concerned: And as for the rest, he thinks it the highest Complement the Ministry ever made him, not to disclose them to him.

Upon this Consideration says Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 4. *I had no great Curiosity to peruse the Memoirs, well judging that the Author was not able to give me any tolerable Light into the discovery of so many secret Intrigues that were carried on at that juncture: And besides*, continues he, *I had Reason to doubt whether these Memoirs were not principally designed to be a Panegyrick upon himself,*

and to blacken the Reputation of ſeveral Perſons of eminent Quality and Merit, becauſe, adds he, *I was particularly acquainted with the Pride of Sir* W. T. *who fanſies himſelf to be the wiſeſt and ableſt Politician of his Age.* If Sir *W. T.* is that vainglorious and ill-natured Animal as Monſieur *de Cros* repreſents him to be, he here ſolemnly promiſes him that he will never come to him to learn either Humility or good Manners; and if he has been ſevere upon any of the Great Men then in Vogue, he has done no more than what every Body almoſt in the Nation has done ſince. He barely contents himſelf with the Satisfaction of having been in ſome meaſure ſerviceable to his King and Country; and ſince he has not made his Fortunes at the expence of either, he ſuppoſes he may lawfully mention his Services without the horrid Crime of Oſtentation or Vanity.

But to let the World ſee that Monſieur *de Cros* has no Malice in his Heart, but that he really deſigns Sir *W. T*'s Good, he condeſcends p. 5. to give him wholeſome Advice, and ſets him Copies to write after. To this purpoſe he recommends to his Peruſal *the Memoirs of* Villeroy, *the Negotiations of* Jeanin, *and the Letters of Cardinal* Doſſat, *in all which there reigns a Spirit of Sincerity and Modeſty.* Sir *W. T.* never preſum'd to ſet himſelf in Competition with any of thoſe illuſtrious Perſons; he is no Stranger to their Merits or Character, but is afraid that Monſieur *de Cros* has propoſed ſome Models to him which he never intends to follow himſelf. It was not Sir *W. T*'s Bookſeller that called him *One of*

the greateſt Men of this Age, as Monſieur *de Cros* falſely inſinuates, *p.* 5. but a reverend Prelate of our Church, who publiſhed the *Memoirs* without the Author's Conſent or Privity; and who, in his Advertiſement to the Reader, does not ſtile him *Un des Grands Hommes de ce Siecle*, as Monſieur *du Cros* malicioufly has printed it, but only *an Ornament to Learning and to his Country*: So that this being a Myſtery to no body in *England*, he wonders how ſome People come to make ſuch Blunders about it in *Holland*. But by this and ſeveral Inſtances of the like Nature, any man may eaſily gueſs what famous Exploits Monſieur *de Cros* deſigns to perform with the Help of his *Hero*.

To make good the Charge of Preſumption with which Monſieur *de Cros* taxes the Author of the Memoirs, he cites a Paſſage, *p.* 6. which he found accidentally at the firſt opening of his Book; and aſſures his Noble Lord, that he doubts not but he ſhall be able in a ſhort time to produce ſeveral others to the ſame Effect. *The Negotiations which I had managed at the* Hague, *at* Bruſſels, *and at* Aix la Chappelle, *and ſaved* Flanders *out of the hands of* France *in* 1668. *made them believe that I had ſome Credit amongſt the* Spaniards, *as well as in* Holland. Indeed, as he has cited this Paſſage, any one would believe, that all the Glory and Merit of Preſerving *Flanders* was intirely owing to Sir *W. T*'s Conduct; and with this wrong Scent Monſieur *de Cros* runs along very furiouſly, talks of erecting Statues, of the Ingratitude of *Spain* and *Holland*, wit

with abundance of other bitter things, with which his Indignation plentifully furnishes him at all times. But our Comfort is, that this Passage is nothing near so criminal and arrogant in the Original as our Letter-monger would have it; and therefore it may not be *mal à propos* to cite it fairly. * *This I suppose gave some Occasion for my being again design'd for this Ambassy, who was thought to have some Credit with* Spain *as well as* Holland, *from the Negotiations I had formerly run through at the* Hagne, Brussels, *and* Aix la Chapelle, *by which the remaining Parts of* Flanders *had been saved out of the Hands of* France *in the Year* 1668. In the first Citation it looks as if Sir *W. T*'s Management of the Treaty had wholly occasioned the Preservation of *Flanders*, whereas in the latter, if it meets with a true Construction, nothing more is meant, but that the Negotiations at the abovementioned Places, in which Sir *W. T.* had his share amongst the other Ministers that acted there, retrieved *Flanders* from ruin. If we may believe Monsieur *de Cros*, he will positively tell us *p.* 8. *that all the Merit and Glory of the Peace as well as of the Triple League, ought in justice to be ascribed to the generous Resolution and Constancy of the States-General, who employ'd, upon this Occasion, a Minister who far surpassed Sir W. T. in Prudence, in Experience and all Abilities.* Sir *W. T.* has nothing to quarrel with Monsieur *de Cros* for upon this last Article; (tho, as he is sure, no one is the worse for his Calumnies, so he thinks no one is the better for his Commendations,) nor is

* Memoirs, p. 30.

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he insensible what a generous Part the States-General acted at this important Conjuncture, when the publick Repose of all *Europe* so much depended upon their Resolutions and Conduct: Only he thinks it hard that *England* should not be allowed the least Share in the Turn of these Affairs, and that the Ministers of so powerful a Crown should be passed over in Silence without any Mention or Acknowledgement, as if they had been reckoned abroad for so many Cyphers.

After this Fit of Passion is over, the Weather begins to clear up with our Author, and, during this Interval, he makes bold to acquaint his Lordship, p. 8. *that he does by no means design in this Place to examine Sir* W. T's *Memoirs to the Bottom; No, he will take some better Opportunity for that, and then, if God spares him with Life and Health, he fairly promises him a Volume of Remarks, at least as big as Sir* W. T's *Book.* Those Persons that are never so little vers'd in the true Character of Monsieur *de Cros*, need not be inform'd that he promises mighty things, and performs just nothing at all. This unlucky shifting off his Resentments to a fitter Occasion, (tho 'tis certain he can never meet with a more proper one to unload himself of them) looks like making Exceptions to the Ground when a man is to meet his Adversary with his Sword in his Hand in the Field. In common Prudence he ought to have acquitted one part of the Debt now, and then the World would have been so civil as to have taken his Word for the Payment of the rest. However let this

this terrible Day come as ſoon as it will, Sir *W. T.* is under no Agonies at the thought of it: For let our Monſieur ſcribble a Cart-load of Books if he pleaſes, 'tis a ſad but undeniable Truth, that 'tis in his Power to injure no man breathing by them but only his Bookſeller.

Had I the Vanity like him, ſays the modeſt, ſelf-denying Monſieur *de Cros*, p. 8. *to print my Memoirs in my Life-time, I have now a very fair Pretence to do it.* Well, certainly there never dropt in this World ſo unwary a Paſſage as this from the Pen of a Counſellor of State and all that! For who will now be ever brought to believe that Monſieur *de Cros* is acquainted with the Intrigues of other People, and conſequently in a Capacity of writing Memoirs, who is a meer Stranger at Home, and ſo utterly unacquainted with himſelf. *If I had the Vanity*; No, never fear it, do but conſult a certain thing called a Looking-Glaſs every Morning, and thou mayſt with a ſafe Conſcience ſay *good morrow* to one of the compleateſt Pieces of Vanity in the Univerſe. But once more, *If I had the Vanity like him*, meaning Sir *W. T.* What Occaſion Monſieur *de Cros* had to publiſh ſo unjuſt and invidious a Calumny, no body can tell but himſelf; for had he conſulted either the Reverend Publiſher's Epiſtle to the Reader, or Sir *W. T*'s to his Son, or laſtly maintained any manner of Correſpondence with his old Acquaintance in *England*, it had been impoſſible for him to make ſo groſs, ſo unpardonable a Miſtake. All or any of theſe

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must certainly have convinced him that Sir *W. T.* knew no more of the publishing of the Memoirs than his ungenerous Adversary Monsieur *de Cros*.

Well, but to pursue him in his Reveries; *I should publish*, says our mortal Foe to Vanity, p. 9. *juster and more solid Memoirs than Sir* W. T. *has done, if I had any Inclinations to appear in Print*; and yet to see what a strange Spirit of Contradiction possesses some people, he adds in the very next Lines that follow, *Not that I have the Presumption to imagine my self more capable of performing such an Undertaking than He is.* In the first place he proclaims it to all Mankind, that he is fitter to write just and solid things than Sir *W. T.* and secondly, before the Words are well out of his Mouth, he would not be guilty of so much presumption as to think himself better qualified for such an Undertaking than Sir *W. T.* If there be any meaning in this senseless inconsistent passage, it amounts only to this, *viz.* That 'tis possible for a Man to write more justly and solidly than another (as for instance Monsieur *de Cros* (if you'll take his own Word for it) can write more justly and solidly than Sir *W. T.*) and yet after all, with these two Qualifications, is not capable of writing better than he that has neither of them. Writing *justly* and *solidly* are none of Monsieur *de Cros*'s Talents; and therefore he was resolved to be revenged upon them.

What follows is extremely surprizing. *Whenever I put Pen to Paper*, says Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 9. *I will write without Complaisance*

without Flattery, without Paſſion: 'Tis ſtrange he did not add *without Sence and Meaning*. No doubt but Monſieur *de Cros* will write without Complaiſance let him begin when he will; ſo far we readily believe him: But that he will ever be perſuaded to renounce two of the deareſt Qualities about him, Flattery and Paſſion, is ſomewhat hard to digeſt. 'Tis true he promiſes fine things all along, but is ſtill ſo unkind to himſelf as to give us but very ſmall hopes that he'll remember to be as good as his Word. And 'tis very natural for the cenſorious World not to regard what a Man promiſes, eſpecially if he does not regard them himſelf. In this ſmall inconſiderable Letter, as ſhort as it is, he has taken care to exerciſe both his Flattery and his Paſſion; and if it was impoſſible for him to write four Sheets without calling them both to his Aſſiſtance, can it be ſuppoſed he can write threeſcore without a ſpice of them? Nay, continues the ſweet-tempered Monſieur *de Croſs*, *I will not expreſs the leaſt Paſſion, no, not ſo much as againſt Sir* W. T. *but will do him the kindneſs to inſtruct him in abundance of things, which he poor Man has executed without knowing the true Reaſon why he was ſet on to do them.* This is an Effort of good Nature which Sir *W. T.* little imagined to receive at his Adverſary's hand, and upon that ſcore very much queſtions the continuance of it. Perhaps, as was intimated before, the Court might employ Sir *W. T.* in ſome Affairs, without acquainting him with the true Grounds and Motives; and 'tis evident Sir *W. T.* no where denies it. However if Monſieur

ſieur *de Cros* will ſo far oblige him as to give him a true Light into thoſe Matters, he promiſes to receive it with all due Gratitude and Deference.

I came not by this Intelligence, ſays Monſieur *de Cros*, p. 9. *by being a Counſellor of State to King* Charles *the II.* How then in the name of Wonder came he by it? *But by having had the Happineſs for ſeveral years to poſſeſs no ſmall room in the confidence of a certain Miniſter, who has in ſeveral occaſions of the laſt Importance been as it were the* Primum Mobile *of that Conduct, which has ſurprized all* Europe. 'Tis a ſcurvy Complement, this to the Memory of K. *Charles* (whom for all that *de Cros* pretends ſtill to honour) to tell the World that Monſieur *Barillon* (for that is the firſt Letter of this certain Miniſter's Name) an Ambaſſador of a foreign Prince, and one engaged in Intereſts viſibly oppoſite to thoſe of *England*, knew more of his Affairs than any of his own Subjects and Privy-Counſellors. The whole Nation is indeed ſatisfied that our Court was at that juncture too much influenced by *French* Councils; but few will be brought to believe that the *French* knew more of our own Affairs than we our ſelves did. By their Bribes and conſtant Application to the Miniſtry then reigning we grant they might know as much as we, but hardly more, unleſs it be proved that we did their Buſineſs implicitly, juſt as Sir *W. T.* run through ſeveral Negotiations for K. *Charles*, without knowing the Reaſons and Grounds of them. As we have already obſerved, 'tis no new thing for our mighty Stateſman to contradict

dict himſelf, and he does it *trés groſſiérement* in this particular. Here he informs us that he owes all his Intelligence to his frequent Converſations with Monſieur *Barillon*; and a little below, where we ſhall, perhaps, examine this Matter more carefully, we are told, *p.* 29. that this Ambaſſador came not to *London* till ſeveral years after his Arrival there, and that then he never maintain'd any Commerce with him *au prejudice de ſon devoir*, i. e. to the prejudice of his Duty. Now how Monſieur *de Cros* as Counſellor of State to King *Charles* the II. ſhould be ignorant of ſeveral important Affairs relating to that Prince, but as the Confident of Monſieur *Barillon*, ſhould be made acquainted with them, and yet all this while preſerve his *Duty* inviolate, is a contradiction fit to be reconciled by no Man but the Party that made it.

Having thus made it appear from whence he borrowed his Materials, Monſieur *de Cros* very gravely aſſures his noble Lord, *p.* 11. that *after his death infallibly, and perhaps while he is alive* (for alas, poor Gentleman, he never knew his own Mind above a quarter of an hour) *his Memoirs ſhall appear in publick, and there he will diſcover abundance of things the truth of which has been hitherto concealed with ſo much Addreſs and Dexterity*. Lord what an inſufferable deal of Impertinence and Noiſe have we already had about the intended Writings of Monſieur *de Cros*. Firſt of all he promiſes, *p* 8. to print a Book of Remarks upon Sir *W. T*'s Memoirs, and this Book is to be at leaſt full as big as the Memoirs. In the ſecond place,

p. 9. he promiſes to viſit the World with a Book of his own Memoirs, in which (to ſee how ſtrangely Children and Books do ſometimes degenerate from their Parents) there is to be neither one Word of Complaiſance, nor Flattery, nor the leaſt grain of Paſſion. Nay what is more remarkable, it ſhall reveal ſeveral important but hidden Truths; it ſhall unlock the Cabinets of Princes; it ſhall turn *Whitehall* and *Verſailles* inſide out, and in ſhort come out with a hundred more Advantages than ever any Book before it could boaſt off.

But what will you ſay to him, if after all this Parade and Oſtentation, he never publiſhes his *Memoirs*; for upon my Word the thing is extremely doubtful. Can it be imagined that a Man of Monſieur *de Cros*'s Chriſtian Temper and Complexion will ever be acceſſary to any Man's Ruine, but eſpecially to that of a great Miniſter of State, *who can be reproached with nothing in the World*, p. 12. *but only a blind Obedience to the Will of the King his Maſter?* No, no, he is far from purſuing the Deſtruction of any one, tho' never ſo great an Enemy to him; and therefore ſince his Memoirs will moſt *infallibly* ('tis his own Expreſſion, *ibid.*) produce ſo tragical an effect, there's no Queſtion but he may be eaſily prevailed with to ſuppreſs them. Beſides what may ſerve to confirm us farther in this Opinion, he ſolemnly profeſſes, p. 12. *that he ſtill preſerves a profound reſpect for the Memory of the late King, and that he has a great regard for ſeveral Perſons of Quality who even at this time of day are deeply intereſted that he ſhould*

hold

hold his Tongue. Now from hence I gather that as 'tis impoſſible for him to write his Memoirs without being ſomewhat familiar with the Reputation of King *Charles* the II. (and if ſo, why does he quarrel with Sir *W. T. p.* 38. for *proſtituting that Prince's Reputation*, ſince by this paſſage 'tis apparent that a Man cannot avoid the doing of it, provided he deſigns to write ſincerely) ſo 'tis probable that this Conſideration may incline a Man of his Compaſſion and Bowels to forbear the ſacrificing a dead Monarch to his Indignation; eſpecially ſince it muſt be attended with the unavoidable ruine of ſeveral eminent Perſons ſtill alive. Thus after a due Examination of the Matter, I find 'tis a difficult Caſe to reſolve whether Monſieur *de Cros* will *infallibly* publiſh, or elſe *infallibly* ſuppreſs his Memoirs.

If Monſieur *de Cros* deſigned this Letter as a Specimen of what he ſhortly reſolves to enrich the World with, he's extremely miſtaken in his Politics. To pretend it is an Anſwer to the Impoſtures of Sir *W. T. Réponſe aux impoſtures de Monſieur le Chevalier Temple* (for all this it threatens to perform in the Title Page) and yet not to prove him faulty in one ſingle Matter of Fact, but only in general Terms to ſay he is frequently miſtaken, which yet the beſt Man in the World may be without deſerving the Name of Impoſtor; and that care ſhall be taken to ſatisfie him better at ſome other Opportunity, was certainly the groſſeſt and moſt abſurd *Solœciſm* in the World. But not to dwell any longer upon this nauſeous Chapter, I am ſorry for my Reader's ſake,

who it may be expected a more agreeable Entertainment, that I have obliged my self to pursue Monsieur *de Cros* from Paragraph to Paragraph: For Connexion being the least thing he troubles his Head with, his Answerer, of Consequence, must be forc'd to ramble along with him: But this being too late to be prevented now, I return to him once more.

My Lord 'tis not my Design (cries Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 13.) *to write you a Letter full of Invectives against Sir* W. T. Now if that were not his Design, he would very much oblige the World to let them know at his first Convenience what it was. *Neither shall I descend into the Particulars of his Conduct.* A wonderful great Favour! and Sir. *W. T.* to show he is resolved not to be behind-hand with him in Courtesie, promises by way of requital, never to trouble himself with the Particulars of his. *I shall say no more at present than what is barely necessary to convince your Lordship and all the World, that I have the means in my hands to revenge my self abundantly for the Injuries he has done me.* To return a full Answer to this last period, we need only put him in mind of the Proverb, *Canes timidi vehementius latrant quam mordent*, and much good may it do him.

The next Paragraph carries a very mournful Mien with it; for there he complains that Sir *W. T.* set upon him first, that he writes with a Spirit of Vengeance, that he suffers himself to be transported with ungovernable Heats like a Man who fansies he is touch'd to the Quick: But now mind what follows, *As for my self* p. 13. *I protest to you*

My

My Lord, that I write de Sang Froid *in cold Blood.* How conſiſtent Writing in cold Blood and a hot Head is, I leave it to Monſieur *de Cros* to determine at his Leiſure. In the mean time an inconſidering Man who ſees ſuch ſort of Stuff ſo often repeated would imagine that our *Letter-writer* had all the Meekneſs of a Primitive Saint, and carried no ſuch thing as a Gall about him; when 'tis plain, we may ſay the ſame thing of his Gall, what ſome Phyſicians have obſerved of the Liver in a vitiated Conſtitution, *creſcente Liene decreſcit reliquum Corpus*; and that his has increaſed at the Expence of the reſt of his Body.

To be fully ſatisfied of the Truth of this, let us examine what follows next. *'Tis true*, ſays Monſieur *du Cros*, p. 14. *that Sir* W. T. *has glittered for ſome time, but then he borrowed all his Luſtre principally from the Protection of a certain Noble-Man whom at laſt he betray'd, and of whom he makes inſolent mention in his Memoirs, and that with the blackeſt Ingratitude that may be.* This is a very ſevere Charge, if it could be made out: But neither did Sir *W. T.* derive all his Luſtre from my Lord *A—n*, nor does he treat him inſolently any where in his Memoirs. As ſoon as that Lord forſook his Maſter's and the Kingdom's real Intereſts to cultivate the growing Power of a Neighbouring Nation, Sir *W. T.* thought it high time to leave him; but it never enter'd ſo much as into his Thoughts to betray him. *After this*, continues our Pamphleteer, *he advanced himſelf by the Patronage of ſome other Perſons, to whoſe*

Ser-

Service he intirely devoted himself, to the Prejudice of his Duty; and so well did he insinuate himself into their Confidence and good Graces, the Post he was in giving him the Privilege to have a frequent Access to their Persons, that he was in a Capacity to have rendred very considerable Services both to the King his Master and to his Country if he had made the best Use of that Advantage. If Sir *W. T.* ever failed of doing the best Offices he could for his King and Country, it might perhaps proceed from want of better Information, but his Duty and Affection were never in fault. This he thinks a sufficient Reply to this ill-grounded Calumny; for he never dedicated himself so intirely to the Service of other Persons (Monsieur *de Cros* must here mean the P. of *O.*) as to make the least Infringement of his Allegiance. And this will notoriously appear by several Passages in the Memoirs, but particularly p. 153. where Sir *W. T.* gives a large Account of a long Conversation between the P. of *O.* and himself in the Garden at *Hounslerdyke*. The Prince had been telling him before, that the Dispositions and Designs of the Court were generally thought so different from those of the Nation, especially upon the Point of Religion, that his Friends there did not believe the Government could be long without some great Disturbance unless they chang'd their Measures, which was not esteem'd very likely to be done. To which Sir *W. T.* answered *That his Friends (as they pretended) in* England *must see farther than he did to believe the King in any such Dangers and Difficulties as they imagined.*

That

That the Crown of England *ſtood upon ſurer Foundations than ever it had done in former times, and the more for what had paſſed in the late Reign; and that he believed the People would be found better Subjects than perhaps the King himſelf believ'd them. That it was however in his Power to be as well with them as he pleaſed, and to make as ſhort Turns to ſuch an End; if not, yet with the help of a little good Husbandry he might paſs his Reign in Peace, tho not perhaps with ſo much Eaſe at home or Glory abroad as if he fell into the Vein of his People.* What could Monſieur *de Cros* himſelf have done more in ſuch a Station? Here was not the leaſt Injury deſign'd to the late King, and as for the other Part of Sir *W. T.*'s Diſcourſe, his Obligations as well as Ties of Friendſhip to the Prince neceſſitated him to give him a faithful Repreſentation of Affairs in *England.* But our furious Counſellor of State is ſtill inveighing againſt Sir *W. T. for being often deficient in an exact Fidelity, which every Miniſter is obliged to preſerve inviolably even in Matters of the leaſt Conſequence.* Sir *W. T.* to his great Comfort is not the firſt Miniſter that has ſometimes made bold to diſobey or ſuſpend his Maſters Orders, by the ſame Token that there are the Names of ſeveral upon Record, who after they have tranſgreſs'd upon this Point, inſtead of Frowns or Puniſhments, have received Rewards from their reſpective Princes as ſoon as they came to be better inform'd. After all an implicite blind Obedience may do well in *France*, or under a deſpotick Climate; but all the Application in the World will never bring it to Perfection in *England.*

Well

Well, but says Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 15. *the late King of* England *found him out at last, and was so sensible of it, that tho he dispatch'd him with a Commission into* Holland, *he did it only out of a Consideration of the the Acquaintance he had there.* And a little lower, *Nor was he then made use of but only in such Occasions as are never devolv'd upon a Man with whose Conduct and Trust a Prince is well satisfied, or for whom he has any regard and esteem; a Truth owned and acknowledged by Sir* W. T. *himself in his Memoirs.* If Sir *W. T.* had half the Vanity that makes so large a Share in the Composition of Monsieur *de Cros*, he has here a fine Opportunity to tell the World what particular Confidences his Prince reposed in him; but as this can be no News to his Friends in *England*, so he does not esteem it worth the while to proclaim it to Foreigners, some of whom perhaps are too much prejudiced against him to receive any thing in his Behalf. 'Tis true indeed, that Sir *W. T.* frequently takes notice in his Memoirs of the many Marches and Counter-Marches of our Court, as he had just Reason to do, and as all *Europe* observed as well as he. However he must humbly beg Monsieur *de Cros*'s Pardon, if he cannot believe that they were done with any Design to *prostitute* him to the World: For if that were true, he thinks they carried on their Revenge too far, and instead of prostituting his Character did but prostitute their own more effectually.

And thus it is visible, continues Monsieur *de Cros* p. 16. *that the King, a little after the*

Peace

Peace of Nimeguen *neglected him.* If making Offers to him of a Secretary's Place immediately after his Arrival, be the Sign of Neglect, all this is certainly true; *and seldom employ'd him. 'Tis not as Sir* W. T. *would make the World believe, the Love of Retirement, and his Indisposition of Body, that made him throw up his Employs; for never Man more passionately desir'd to have his Share in the Publick Administrations than he.* Well, 'tis no Miracle however to see a Man who is perfectly so unacquainted with his own Humour to be a Stranger to all the rest of Mankind. The Author of the Memoirs was at this time prevailed with by the King to have a Part in a New Constitution of Council; and after almost two years unsuccesful Endeavours at some Union, or at least some Allay of the Heats and Distempers between the King and his Parliaments, took up a Resolution of having no more to do with affairs of State; and accordingly sent his Son in 1680. to acquaint his Majesty with it. Whether he has departed from these Resolutions since, he leaves it to the World to judge.

After Monsieur *de Cros* has throughly chased himself by assigning, as he pretends, the true Reason why Sir *W. T.* was discarded the Court, namely, the King's being dissatisfied with his Services, and Sir *W. T*'s endeavouring all that in him lay to frustrate the King's Commands, contained in a Dispatch which our *Letter-writer* left with him at the *Hague*, as he was going to *Nimeguen* by his

Majesty's Order, to conclude a Peace *Don't expect*, says he p.17. *My Lord, that I should here acquaint you with the true Cause of so extraordinary a Resolution, which according to Sir* W. T. *entirely changed the Fate of Christendom. I should do him too great a Pleasure if I should reveal so important a Secret, and several other Intrigues, in which some Persons, both of the late and this Reign in* England, *are nearly concerned.* But two or three Pages above, Monsieur *de Cros* spoke in another Tone, *je lui fairai le plaisir de le mieux instruire*, p.9. but now the Weather-Glass is alter'd with him, so that, for all I can discover, we must e'en tarry till his Remarks, or his Memoirs are printed, and till then blunder in the Dark. 'Tis true, he is pleased to give a very pleasant reason why he is by no means for opening his Raree-show at present, which the Reader may take in his own Words; *I doubt not*, cries he, p. 18. *but Sir* W. T. *passionately desires it; he knows well enough that a full Discovery of these Practises would incense the Parliament against the Advisers of them; and 'tis their Ruin he wishes at the Bottom of his Heart.* And a little lower, *Besides, I would not at this critical Conjuncture, when K.* William *labours with so much Zeal and Glory to procure the Repose of Christendom, and the Happiness of his own Subjects, revive those Animosities and Quarrels which have already occasioned but too many Convulsions in* England, *and might be a great obstacle to that Union, which is so necessary towards the happy Execution of the Designs of this great*

Monarch.

Monarch. Moſt Authors have their *le Fort* and *le Foible*; but this Diſcourſe of Monſieur *de Cros* is altogether made up of *Foibles.* For him to imagine that the great Senate of *England* has nothing elſe to do but to read his Books and be directed by them, is ſuch a horrid piece of Vanity that nothing can paralliel. No, Monſieur *de Cros* may ſafely print his Book, and yet for all that K. *William* with his Confederates may re conquer *Flanders*, the Parliament ſupply the King with Money, and not ſo much as one ſingle Courtier be ſent to Graſs. And this is ſo certain a Truth, that he needs not be in a moment's pain about it; for if his Memoirs are no more regarded in *England* than his Letter has been, he can injure no man living by them, but, (as we have already told him) *himſelf* and his *Bookſeller.*

Well, at laſt, (Heaven be prais'd) we are come to the Merits of the Cauſe; and now it appears that the true and real Cauſe why Monſieur *de Cros* has all along ſo vehemently declaimed againſt Sir *W. T.* proceeded not from his giving a wrong Relation of State-Affairs, from his diſturbing the Sacred Aſhes of King *Charles* the Second, from his neglecting to execute his Maſter's Orders, from his inexcuſable Ingratitude to his Protector and Patron, or, in fine, from his Pride, his Opiniatrete, or any crime of that Nature. 'Tis a Thing of a nearer Relation, and of a deeper Concern. He had injuriouſly attacked the Reputation of Monſieur *de Cros*,

and now he must expect to be severely handled for it.

At this time, says our incensed Statesman, p. 19. *there arrived from* England *one* de Cros, *as Sir* W. T. *has express'd it, I shall not, my Lord, make any stop at this term of Contempt, One de Cros*; tho to his great Commendation be it spoken, he has almost spent a whole Page about it before he has done, *'tis in Relation to my self an Expression of the blackest Malice*. From thence he takes the Hint to be speak himself to his Reader, telling him that the late King of *England* did him the Honour to treat him with more Respect and Civility, both in his Pass-ports, his Letters, and the Commissions he entrusted him with. He says 'twas *fort Cavalierement*, in plain English, impudently done to speak after that saucy manner, of a Man that was born of a tolerable good Family, that had been honour'd near twenty years with several Employments, and whom a great Prince and a King did not disdain to take for a Counsellor of State. There is a certain Figure in Rhetorick (I have forgot the Name of it) which the Grammarians tell us we are guilty of committing, when we pretend to pass over those very things which we design to enumerate; and this I find has been very serviceable all along to Monsieur *de Cros*; *he won't make any stop at those words, no, not he*; *he won't take into the Particulars of Sir* William's *Life, no not he*, but all the while does it; and to say the truth, there's nothing in the whole

whole Rhetorick that he copies with so good a Grace. Well, let all Authors for the future, as they hope to avoid Sir *W. T*'s sad Destiny, whatever they do, be sure to mind their Heraldry; for they may see what a terrible Adversary he has drawn upon himself by making a small mistake in that ancient and honourable Science.

The Author of the Memoirs, *p.* 325. giving a short account of Monsieur *de Cros* and his Character, was so ill advised as to throw out these Words: *He had formerly been a* French *Monk, and some time since had left his Frock for a Petticoat.* And now 'tis worth the while to observe what judicious Remarques our furious *Letter-Writer* has made upon them. *This is a fine reproach*, says he, *p.* 20. *to come out of the Mouth of a Protestant Ambassador, one that belonged to a Monarch who stiles himself Defender of the Faith; and in short, one that so loudly declared at* Nimeguen *that he'd have nothing to do with the Pope's Nuncio.* A very hard Case this, that Sir *W. T.* shall not have the liberty to acquaint the World that Monsieur *de Cros had been a Monk*, because, forsooth, his Master was Defender of the Faith: Nor to take notice that *he had exchanged his Frock for a Petticoat*, because he would not shake hands with the Pope's Nuncio at *Nimeguen.* This is a strange sort of reasoning, but not very terrible. But perhaps the Apology that follows may make some amends for the whipp'd Cream above. *I don't know, my Lord, whether it is a scandalous*

thing

thing to be a Monk, this I am certain of, that it is infinitely leſs ſcandalous to have been one. Sir *W. T.* will never contradict Monſieur *de Cros* upon this Article, nor did he ſay in his Memoirs that 'tis ſcandalous to be a Monk: But Monſieur *de Cros*, who values himſelf much upon his Politics, ſeeing he was unable to carry on the War much longer at his own Expence, was reſolved to fight his Battles with the whole Body of the Regular Eccleſiaſtics; and therefore making it a Cloiſter Quarrel, indicts him upon a *Scandalum Monachorum.* But to proceed, *I make no doubt*, continues he, *but that among the Monks as well as among the reſt of Mankind, one may find ſad wretched Fellows*, (Speak ſoftly leſt any of the Brothers of the Surcingle hear thee) *of mean, baſe Parentage*, (Pretiſe for your old Acquaintance ſake, not to loud) *of infamous, irregular Lives* (nay, now you have undone your ſelf with them for ever) *Drones, good for nothing*, (I find he'll never have done with this Chapter) *without Honour, Good Manners, or Reputation.* And yet not a quarter of an hour agoe it was no ſcandal to be in ſuch bleſſed Company. *Sir* W. T. *without Queſtion looked upon me to be one of this number.* This is more than he knew; but however ſince he has poſitively aſſerted it, Sir *W. T.* will not contradict him. *But then*, ſays our *Furioſo*, turning the Tables, *p.* 21. *there are alſo to be found among them Perſons illuſtrious for the Sanctity of their Manners, Men of extraordinary Merit, and of the higheſt Quality.*

Shall

Sons of Princes and of Crown'd Heads, nay, Kings themſelves, and Sovereign Pontiffs. He is now thinking to cajole the Monks after he had ſo plentifully beſpatter'd them before: And muſt fain let the World ſee how dexterouſly he can blow Satyr and Panegyrick with the very ſame Breath. *But if this ſort of Life is not reckoned now a-days, as it has been heretofore, ſo certain a Character of an honeſt good Man does Sir* W. T. *imagine he diſhonours me, when he ſays that for a Petticoat I have abandon'd a Profeſſion which he himſelf looks upon to be ſo contemptible.* If Sir *W. T.* has not diſhonoured Monſieur *de Cros*, why all this Fury, this Heat and Indignation? All that the Author of the Memoirs ſaid was very harmleſs. As an Hiſtorian he was obliged to give a ſhort Account of thoſe perſons, whoſe Actions he there recounts. Mr *de Cros* happening to be a Man very remarkable towards the concluſion of the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, Sir *W. T.* acquaints the World with part of his Hiſtory, and in particular ſays he had been formerly a Monk. Nor does Monſieur *de Cros* deny it, and yet for all that fanſies himſelf abominably injured. What! becauſe he reported him to have been of that Profeſſion of Life which has bred ſo many learned Men, furniſhed the Almanack with ſo many Saints, Thrones with ſo many Kings; nay, and the Pontifical Chair with one third of her Popes? ——— But ſome people I ſee are never well, full nor faſting.

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden*, I remember, amongſt ſeveral other judicious Remarks that ſo frequently occur in his *Eſſay upon Dramatick Poetry*, has this of the famous *Johnſon*, which in my Opinion (and I think I have not loſt all my Taſte in my Old Age) is admirable. *Ben*, ſays he, never introduces any Perſon upon the Stage, but firſt of all informs his Reader of his Character, and by that means beſpeaks his attention. As for inſtance if a *La fool* is to be brought in, he makes a Foot-boy till *True wit*, that one Monſieur *La-fool* is coming to pay him a Viſit; and before he makes his appearance, *True-wit* lets his Friends know, and conſequently, by them, the Audience, what ſort of a Gentleman *La-fool* is, and what are his beſt Qualities. By this ingenious Piece of Conduct the Poet takes care to pleaſe his Spectators, who it may be are at firſt as uneaſie to ſee a ſtrange Face upon the Stage, as in Company at the Tavern, till they are better acquainted with his Diſpoſitions; and then his Converſation is always more edifying. The ſame management has been uſed by ſeveral Hiſtorians (and not to deſcend into a *detail* of the reſt) by *Salluſt* himſelf, a Writer of the firſt Rank and Quality: And why Sir *W. T.* ſhould not practiſe it, is certainly a Myſtery. If then the Matter of Fact be true (nor dares *de Cros* deny it) where's the Impoſture? If the Truth that is told does no ways reflect upon the Reputation of the

Party

Party concerned (as he himſelf owns it) where's the Injury, where's the Affront?

Indeed as a famous *Grecian* Philoſopher is reported thus to have expreſs'd himſelf in relation to his Thoughts of Humane Life, That it was much better not to have been born than to live at all: So in relation to the Monaſtick State, one may ſay without breach of Charity, that it is (at leaſt as the Sentiments of the World run now) far preferable not to have been a Monk, than ſometimes to have been one: For though 'tis no ſcandal to wear a Cowl, I am ſure there's no Credit got by wearing it. In all ſuch large Societies, the number *des miſerables, d'une baſſe naiſſance, gens inutiles, ſans honneur & ſans reputation*, are ten to one in compariſon of the *tres-celebres par la Sanctè de leur mœurs, d'un merite extraordinaire*, &c. And ſo much in anſwer to Monſieur *de Cros*'s *Princes* and *Kings*, *Cardinals* and *Popes*.

I will not here tell you, ſays Monſieur *de Cros*, p. 21. *how I came to be engaged in this Life in my younger Days.* Truly that is ſomewhat hard. *Neither will I tell you the Reaſons why I quitted it.* This is the hardeſt of all: For though we may allow Monſieur *de Cros* to have gone into a Convent for little or no reaſon at all; yet 'tis a very ſevere Caſe if a Man of his Kidney had not ſeveral good Reaſons to leave it: His Youth excuſes the former; but he was certainly

at Years of Diſcretion, when he abdicated the Monk, and ſet up the Lay-man. But let us comfort our ſelves. The Memoirs will be printed, and then we ſhall know all.

However though Monſieur *de Cros* at this preſent Writing would not acquaint his Noble Lord with the Reaſons of his Change; yet he is ſo far complaiſant as to ſatisfie him that *it was not for a Petticoat*: *Ce ne fut pas au moins pour une juppe*, p. 21. And then he gives an admirable Reaſon for what he ſays. *I paſſed ſeveral Years without having any Inclinations to a Petticoat.* A pretty Argument; and therefore a Petticoat was not the cauſe of his Change. But as the Schoolmen ſay, *Quod primum in intentione, ultimum in executione*: And ſo in the preſent Caſe, a Petticoat might be the firſt thing in Monſieur *de Cros*'s Intention, though it happened to be the laſt in Execution. *Nay it appeared to the World*, p. 22. *that I was very irreſolute and difficult in my Choice.* And who can blame him for it. The Matrimonial Vow is infinitely a greater Curb than the Monaſtick. A man if he can make Friends with the Pope may get himſelf abſolved from the latter; or in caſe of Neceſſity, may turn his own Pope, as Monſieur *de Cros* did: But a Wife is not to be diſcarded at that eaſie rate. 'Tis not the old Gentleman with the Croſs-Keys and Triple-Crown, but with the Scythe and Hour-glaſs that can free a Man from his Spouſe, and ſet him at liberty.

I look

I had too much Advantage on my ſide, p. 22. *to change the Frock for the Petticoat I have choſe, not to do it.* Well this plain Confeſſion makes amends for all. What was pretended a little before, *viz.* That *ſome Tears were paſſed before I had any Inclinations to a Petticoat*, was ſpoke by the Politician: But here the true, the ſincere, the undebauched Monk ſpeaks, who owns he would have taken up a Petticoat much ſooner, but only was looking ſharp out all this while for one that was well fringed with *Advantages*. And now as there are abundance of Husbands in the World, who as ſoon as their Wives happen to be mentioned in Company, cannot forbear to enlarge upon their ſeveral Perfections and Vertues; ſo it fares with Monſieur *de Cros*, for now he is got into his *Petticoat*, he will never have done. *'Tis a Petticoat*, continues he, *d'une étoffe d' Ecoſſe, of Scotch Cloth, which has been of far greater Ornament and Service to the Crown of* England, *than even Sir* W. T. himſelf. Since his Petticoat has done ſuch rare Exploits, by my Conſent let Monſieur *de Cros* write a Panegyrick upon it. But by the bye this is a very figurative way of Writing; and therefore, though I don't underſtand it, I hope there may be ſome meaning in the bottom. *If he does not know ſo much already*, p. 26. *the Hiſtory of the laſt Tranſactions in* England *and* Scotland *will better inform him.* Here we are referr'd again to a *Hans en Kelder* of a Hiſtory, which when it will be mid-

wiſed into the World the Lord knows. But I wonder extremely why he wou'd condeſcend ſo low to compare his uſeful Petticoat to Sir *W. T.* as why in another place *p.* 8. he tells us that the *Dutch* Miniſter who forwarded the Triple-League, ſurpaſſed Sir *W. T.* in Prudence. A very ſorry Complement this, both to his ſerviceable Petticoat and to his prudent *Dutch* Miniſter, if as he pretends, *p.* 62. Sir *W. T.* was taken abroad *pour dupe*, for a Cully.

I will not ſay any more of this Matter, continues Mounſieur *de Cros*, p. 22. *becauſe I have no mind to engage my ſelf to publiſh the Misfortunes and Diſorders of Sir* W. T*'s Family.* Methinks he might have left out Diſorders, for Misfortunes is enough; *and that in my Opinion wou'd not be fair and honeſt.* Why the bare mention of a Petticoat ſhould engage him in ſuch a Narration, is hard to conceive; and yet this blind Inſinuation is infinitely more malicious than if he had wandered into a large Hiſtory. There the World would have been ſatisfied what theſe Misfortunes were, with which Monſieur *de Cros* ſo brutally refreſhes Sir *W. T*'s memory; whereas this blind *Innuendo* leaves open room for the Conjectures and Surmiſes of all people, who in ſuch Caſes generally imagine the worſt. *I have no Occaſion*, ſays he, *that I know of, to complain either of his Wife, his Son, or his Daughters*; why then all theſe invidious Hints? Is it not enough for other Perſons

Perſons to condemn our Author, but muſt be paſs Sentence upon himſelf.

But ſuppoſe, ſays Monſieur *de Cros*, p. 23. *that I had quitted the Frock for the Petticoat, what of all that? 'Tis no more than what an infinite number of Perſons of eminent Worth, ſuch as Nuncio's, Biſhops, Cardinals, Kings, and Popes have done in their time: Nay, there have been ſome Princeſſes in the World that have changed a Veil for a pair of Breeches, whoſe Poſterity I don't queſtion are held in great Veneration by Sir* W. T. All this may very well be; and yet I cannot but obſerve how natural it is for your great Perſons to excuſe themſelves by the Example of their great Predeceſſors. And thus the poor Ant in the Epigram that unfortunately tumbled down the Precipice of a Mole-hill, comforted her ſelf with the Precedent of *Phaeton*: *'Tis true*, ſays ſhe, *I have had a damn'd Fall here; but what then? Sic cecidit Phaeton*, Phaeton *had one before me.*

If I had been a ſort of an Agent for Sweden, ſays Monſieur *de Cros*, p. 24. *as Sir* W. T. *has repreſented me, I ſhould not have defended my ſelf upon that ſcore; I ſhould have taken it for a great Honour to be employed by ſo mighty a King.* I wonder then where was the hurt if Sir *W. T.* conferr'd a *Swediſh* Agentſhip upon him. *But at that time I was at the Court of* England *in Quality of Envoy-Extraordinary from the Duke of* Gottorp, *whom Sir* W. T. *never ſo much as mentions in his Memoirs, although he had two Miniſters at the Congreſs,*

Congreſs, and France *ſtipulated for his re-eſtabliſhment in the ſecond Article of the Peace.* By Monſieur *de Cros*'s leave, the Agent was ſome Years older than the Envoy; and if Sir *W. T.* has omitted the Duke of *Gottorp* in his Memoirs, 'twas pure Forgetfulneſs, but not want of reſpect. *Well*, concludes he, in a great Fit of Devotion, *p.* 26. *Heaven be praiſed Sir* W. T. *is not the Diſpenſer of Glory and Immortality.* And Heaven be likewiſe praiſed, ſay I, Monſieur *de Cros* is not the Diſpenſer of Scandal and Ignominy.

Sir *W. T.* in his Memoirs, *p.* 335. ſpeaking of Monſieur *de Cros*, happen'd to let fall this ſhort particular. *At* London *he had devoted himſelf wholly to Monſieur* Barillon, *the* French *Ambaſſador, though pretending to purſue the Intereſts of* Sweden. Upon this Monſieur *de Cros* raiſes a furious Outcry, and to furniſh himſelf with a better pretence of complaining of his unjuſt uſage, as he imagines, he has quite perverted the meaning as it lies in the Original: For whereas Sir *W. T.* barely ſays, that he devoted himſelf to the Service of the *French* Ambaſſador at *London*, without ſpecifying any time at all, Monſieur *de Cros* has tranſlated it, *Des qu'il avoit été à Londres*, that is, *ever ſince he came to* London; and thereupon informs his Reader that Monſieur *Barillon* was not at *London* when he was ſent thither, but the Marquis *de Ruvigny*, who was afterwards ſucceeded by Monſieur *de Com-*

tin. By this piece of *Fourberie*, to give it no worſe a Name, he thought to have eluded the ſevere, but juſt Imputation caſt upon him by Sir *W. T.* of being one of *Barillon*'s Creatures, but with what Succeſs any unprejudiced Reader may ſee. For,

Obſerve what he ſays in the next Paragraph. *I never devoted my ſelf to that Ambaſſador*, p. 29. *and never maintained any Correſpondences with him to the prejudice of my Duty.* As juſt before Monſieur *de Cros*, with an ingenuity peculiar to himſelf, had made Sir *W. T.* ſpeak what he never deſigned, in order to invalidate his Teſtimony; ſo here, forgetting it ſeems what he had formerly advanced, he gives himſelf the Lye. There is no doubt but every man may make as bold with his own Reputation as he pleaſes, but then this gives him no Privilege to invade that of his Neighbour: and therefore Sir *W. T.* though he allows Monſieur *de Cros* the liberty to contradict himſelf as often as he in his great Wiſdom ſees fit, and eaſily forgives him that Offence; yet he deſires him for the future not to commit the ſame violence upon others.

It may very pertinently be demanded what Monſieur *de Cros* means by theſe Words, *to the prejudice of his Duty*: For a man that pays ſo ſmall a regard to Truth, as he ſeems to do, perhaps, may think nothing in the World an Infringement of his Duty. But let us hear him explain himſelf upon this Chapter. *I confeſs indeed*, p. 30. *that when*

he,

be, meaning Monſieur *Barillon*, *employ'd himſelf for the Intereſts of my Maſter, and of* Sweden, *I became intirely devoted to him.* At laſt Monſieur *de Cros* owns himſelf to be devoted to Monſieur *Barillon*; however to mollifie it ſomewhat, he pretends that he never made thoſe Advances till that Ambaſſador cultivated the Intereſts of his Maſter and of *Sweden*. A miſerable Evaſion! for how perfidiouſly the Miniſters of that Crown have all along dealt with their Allies, let *Candy* and *Meſſina* proclaim to the World. Their Friendſhip has been fatal to all that ever depended upon it, as the Hiſtories of the laſt Times will evidently ſhow; and though they pretended never ſo cordially to eſpouſe the Quarrel of their Confederates, yet they ſeldom ſcrupled to abandon their Intereſts when it made never ſo little for their Advantage to do it.

How this Diſpatch by de Cros *was gained, or by whom* (ſays Sir *W. T.* in his Memoirs, *p.* 336.) *I will not pretend to determine.* And a little lower: *The Account I met with at Court was, that theſe Orders were agreed and diſpatched one morning in an hours time, and in the Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth's *Chamber by the intervention and purſuit of Monſieur* Barillon. In this place Sir *W. T.* by no means pretends to decide the Queſtion, but only relates what were the general Sentiments of the Court upon it, and for the Truth of this, appeals to ſeveral eminent Perſons ſtill living. But it is pleaſant to obſerve

what

what a learned Harangue Monſieur *de Cros* has made upon this Account. *'Tis a great deal of pity*, ſays he, *p.* 35. *that an Ambaſſador of* England, *who had the Secretary's place ſo often proffer'd him, was not only during his abſence, when he was negotiating the Publick Affairs at* Nimeguen *and the* Hague, *but even at his return into* England, *ſo little inſtructed in what had paſſed there, and principally in an Affair of this Importance and Conſideration.* Perhaps 'tis a great deal of pity, as he ſays; but by his favour 'tis no wonder at all, eſpecially conſidering the Conſtitution of our Court at that juncture, that when they were to play any private Game, they never thought it worth their while to acquaint Sir *W. T.* with their Intrigues; nor does he envy the good Fortune of Monſieur *de Cros* for being made a Party in them.

What a horrid Impertinence, adds our Declaimer, *p.* 38. *was it in him to endeavour to perſwade the World, that the moſt important Affair of that time, on which according to him, the Fate and Deſtiny of* Chriſtendom *depended, was diſpatched and concluded in an hour's time in the Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth's *Apartment by the Intervention of Monſieur* Barillon. We may well allow Monſieur *de Cros* to Chriſten Truth by the Name of Impertinence, becauſe he's ſo ſeldom guilty of ſuch Impertinences; and his Memoirs when they viſit the World, whatever Faults they may be charged with, will be never liable I believe to that Exception. Sir *W. T.* as has been already ſaid,

only delivers this as the Opinion of the Court, without interposing his own Sentiments: And indeed to any unprejudiced Person, who considers what an unfortunate influence that Ambassador in conjunction with the Mistress had upon the late King, this Account will not appear so *impertinent* as Monsieur *de Cros* represents it.

Sir *William Temple*, continues Monsieur *de Cros*, p. 38. *according to his Custom, so little regards the Reputation of his King, that he makes no scruple to prostitute it upon this Occasion after the strangest manner in the World.* Nor is this sufficient, but with his usual vehemence and fury he attacks Sir *W. T.* *for representing the King of* England, *obliged so much as he was by his Quality of Mediator, and much more by the Interest of his Kingdoms, to procure repose to* Christendom, *as corrupted by the Ambassador of* France, *and by the Charms of his Mistress, sacrificing all* Europe *and his own Dominions to a Power naturally an Enemy to* England: *and this hand over head, at an hour's warning, without the advice of his Council, lock'd up in a Woman's Apartment, as if he had been sensible that he was going to do an action, the most unworthy the Majesty of a Prince, and the most opposite to the Happiness of his people.* What a profound respect Sir *W. T.* pays to the memory of that Monarch, as he knows best himself; so let his own Works speak for him, and particularly his Memoirs, since Monsieur *de Cros* has reflected so severely upon that Book,

where

where the Reader may find the following Character, p. 273. *I never saw him in better humour, nor ever knew a more agreeable converſation when he was ſo; and where he was pleaſed to be familiar, great quickneſs of Conception, great pleaſantneſs of Wit, with great Variety of Knowledge, more Obſervation and truer Judgment of Men than one would have imagined by ſo careleſs and eaſie a manner as was natural to him in all he ſaid or did. From his own temper he deſired nothing but to be eaſy himſelf, and that every-body elſe ſhould be ſo; and would have been glad to ſee the leaſt of his Subjects pleaſed, and to refuſe no man what he asked.* And a little below; *Sure no Prince has more Qualities to make him lov'd, with a great many to make him eſteem'd, and all without a Grain of Pride or Vanity in his Conſtitution; nor can he ſuffer Flattery in any kind, growing uneaſy upon the firſt Approaches of it, and turning it off to ſomething elſe. But this Humour has made him loſe many great Occaſions of Glory to himſelf, and Greatneſs to his Crown, which the Conjunctures of his Reign conſpired to put into his Head, and have made way for the aſpiring Thoughts and Deſigns of a neighbouring Prince, which would not have appeared, or could not have ſucceeded in the World without the Applications and Arts imployed to manage this eaſy and inglorious Humour of the King's.* The Reader will certainly forgive this long Citation, ſince now he is able to judge for himſelf, whether of the two holds the Memory of King *Charles* the Second in the

greateſt Reverence, Sir *W. T.* who has drawn this true but tender Character of him, or Monſieur *de Cros*, who out of a Pretence of borrowing it out of the Memoirs, has made the above-mentioned invidious Repreſentation of that excellent Prince. If there is any thing ſevere in Sir *W. T*'s Character 'tis towards the latter end; however, 'tis managed with all Decency of Language, and the Truth of it will ſerve to atone for the Plainneſs.

But now behold a new Occaſion of Quarrel, upon this Paſſage in Sir *W. T*'s Memoirs, p. 336. *the King indeed told me pleaſantly, that the Rogue* de Cros *had out-witted them all.* To which Monſieur *de Cros* replies, p. 43. that if Sir *W. T.* had not made the King ſpeak theſe Words, but had ſaid them himſelf, he would apply to him with as much Juſtice as to any man in the World, theſe Verſes, which he had ſomewhere read,

Coquin, ce me dit il, d'un arrogance extreme
Va Cherchir les coquins ailleurs, coquin toi-meme.

Which may be thus rendred into *Engliſh*,

He calls me a Rogue, like an arrogant Elf,
Seek your Rogues, Friend, at home, you're a great one your ſelf.

By the Pointedneſs of the Conceit one would be apt to imagine that this noble Diſtich was of Monſieur *de Cros*'s Compoſition, and indeed 'tis but fit that an Author who ſhews himſelf ſo phlegmatick in his Proſe, ſhould have the ſame dull Genius attend him in Poetry. But be the Verſes whoſe they will, the merit of the Application intirely belongs to our *Letter-Writer*, who, to his Praiſe be it ſpoken, diſcreetly choſe out two of the dulleſt Lines in the Univerſe, which it was impoſſible for him to murder, even by his own dull way of applying them.

After a long Diſcuſſion of the matter, he finds he is not ſo much hurt as he imagined at firſt. For in the firſt place he obſerves that the King called him *Coquin* or *Rogue* pleaſantly, by way of Jeſt and without Paſſion; and in the ſecond place, that if he called him ſo on purpoſe and with Deſign, yet he ought not to wonder at it, p. 47. ſince it was ſo uſual a Compliment with him, and he had treated not only the moſt flouriſhing Republick in the World, *Holland*, and two Ambaſſadors of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, the Count *d' Avaux* and Monſieur *Barillon*, but even ſome Members of Parliament who had preſented him with an Addreſs, by this familiar Term. And here I cannot but make two Remarks; 1. That Monſieur *de Cros* does not preſerve that profound Reſpect for the Memory of King *Charles*, as he would make the World believe; and that he makes no Conſcience to ſacrifice that Prince's Reputation,

tion upon every trivial Occasion, where himself is concern'd to vindicate his own No-Reputation. 2. That as we took Notice before, our great *Letter-writer* still takes pains to justify himself by the Protection of great Names. Thus, if Monsieur *de Cros* was a Monk, several Princes, and Kings, and Cardinals, and Popes were so before him; and if he deserted his Frock for a comfortable Petticoat, 'tis no more than what Nuncio's, and Pontiffs, and Persons of the highest Quality had shown him a President for: Thus if K. Charles the Second call'd him a Rogue, it never mortifies him; for according to our Author, he bestowed that very same Compliment upon Parliament-Men, Ambassadors, nay the States of *Holland*: and in like manner if he was Author of the abovemention'd dull Distich, he may still comfort himself by the Example of *Tully*, of *Nero*, nay and of *Augustus* himself.

I need not put my Invention to the rack, says Monsieur *de Cros* p. 49. *to revenge my self on Sir* W. T. *If I had been minded to call Falshood to my Assistance, I should have bespattered him with bitterer things: but the Truth of my Remarks upon his Memoirs will revenge me sufficiently upon him.* 'Tis needless here to question the fruitfulness of Monsieur *de Cros*'s Invention, he having given but too many Proofs of it in this short Letter; and were it not that Dulness is the chief Ascendent in his Temper, he has variety enough of *Fable*, to qualify him not for a Writer of Remarks, but a Poet.

In

In ſhort if the dreadful Volume he threatens Sir *W. T.* with, perform no greater Execution than this little Specimen, Sir *W. T.* will have all the Reaſon in the World to bleſs his kind Stars for ſending him ſo harmleſs an Adverſary.

Our Author who found it ſo neceſſary to engage other Perſons in his Quarrel, ſumms up all his Malice in his laſt Effort. Says he, p. 56. *This the moſt proud and vindicative of all kind, has in his Memoirs aſſaulted the Reputation even of the greateſt Miniſters, as the Duke of* Lauderdale, *the moſt zealous and faithful Servant the King ever had*; (by the ſame Token that a † late Pamphlet has recorded a celebrated Saying of his, *viz.* that he hoped to ſee the King's Edicts to be [illegible]vand above the Laws) *My Lord* Arlington *who had brought him out of Duſt and Oblivion to place him in Employments*; (but this Article having been cleared already, I ſhall now diſmiſs it without any further Remark) *The principal Miniſters and ſageſt Magiſtrates of* Holland, *the preſent Earl of* Rotheſter, and *the Marquis of* Carmarthen. If this were true, as 'tis apparently falſe, they don't want the Help of ſuch a feeble Writer as Monſieur *de Cros* to defend them. Laſtly, p. 61. *Perhaps*, ſays he, *this great Miniſter, this great Confident of Kings and Princes, and only Preſerver of* Flanders, *had done wiſer than to enter the Liſts with a Monk, and a ſort of an Agent and a cunning Rogue.* To all which let this ſhort Anſwer ſerve. Sir *W. T.* had it never in his Intentions to

† *Mr.* Johnſon's *Argument*, &c.

enter

enter the Lists with an Enemy of so prostitute a Character; he only mention'd him two or three times, *en passant*, and has other Business to employ him, than to engage himself in a War where he can Expect no Triumph.

FINIS.